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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1874.

LOVE ME TO-NIGHT.

BY PAULINE PILKINGTON FILER.

If famine gaunt reigned in the land, And the awful son stone bright, If after drouth of the burning months, Dank dews shed death at night, And I should die and you should faint, And your life lose all delight;

If fruthless death should sever us.
With his hand so cold, so white,
And they laid one far from the other's re.
"Neath the cypress slim and slight,
"Lave wan to pray for one's return,
Love me, love me to night!

And If—Oh! direct pain of all !— O'er love there came a deathly blight, At longings of the other's heart, One's love lost all its wild delight; Oh child, ere that bleak time may be, Love me, love me to-night!

Oh aweet, clasp close, this e'en may be Foreboding of some coming blight That makes my heat grow chill with dread, And your lips grow wild and white. In fear of evils that may come, love me, love me to-night!

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU, AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," RTC

> CHAPTER XIII. RALPH RUTHERFOED.

The two women looked at one another, wild fear in Muriel's eyes, and hatred and example in those of Doris Carlyan.

Not a word did the latter vonchasfe, but beckening to Jabes Colliver, she pointed to the heap of yellow lace in Muriel's lap.

"Is that my lace?" she asked.

"I is, madam."

"I would prefer its being mended by a respectable person, if you please. I am not in the habit of employing abandoned women."

The two women looked at one another, wild fare in Mariel a repeated bard on the choicing to Jahes Colliver, she pointed.

"You would have wated lone lefers, More and the colliver, she pointed the least remote the colliver, she pointed in the bedoeing to Jahes Colliver, she pointed."

"It would prefer its being mended by a respectable parson, if you please. I am I she was been supported by a strain of the colliver, she pointed in the colliver, she pointed in the was a strain of the was produced for the west of the was produced for the west of the was produced for the west of the west of the was produced for the west of the west of the was produced for the west of the wes

"Yes."
"Ab, I thought so. She's a sweet creature."
"What shall I do, Mr. Colliver? If

"What shall I do, Mr. Colliver? If Jasper should see her—"
"He would behave like a sensible man, I hope, my dear. But go home, and keep him there if you can. I won't have you insuited in my presence.
"You are very kind to me, Mr. Colliver. I will thank you presently; but the sight of her has ruade me sick. I feel as though some dreadful misfortune would come to me through her."

me through her."
"Keep out of her way, that is all. She

"Keep out of her way, that is al. She sha'n't find out anything through me."

He went back into the abop, and Muriel ran home, her heart wildly beating with terror lest Jasper should have gone out and be on his way to the abop; but no such terrible thing had happened. Her husband was fast asleep on the sofa with the baby in his arms. in his arms.

Thankfully she removed the child, which

was beginning to stir, without awaking, and then sat down by his side to recover

"Oh, if heaven's law did not forbid mur-der," she thought, passionately """

"Oh, if heaven's law did not forbid murder," she thought, passionately, "it would
be sweet to kill her."

A burst of hot tears came to her relief,
and seemed to wash away the evil thoughts
of jealousy and revenge which had taken
hold of her. Jauper slept on, and the
pretty child in her arms cooed, and put up
its little hands to stroke her face, and she
was soothed.

was soothed.

"I am a fool," she said to berself. "My husband is mins. The glamor of that wretched time passed away with the fever. Even if they were to meet, I have nothing

"Muriel, I thought you were at the

shop.

Jasper woke and spoke in some surprise
at seeing his wife there, and the reflected
radiance of the setting sun shining upon her pretty face.
"Why, I must have been asleep a long

anna Conso



your own happiness. Have no fear, my Muriel. Doris Carlyon in her most seductive mood could not make my heart beat one shade faster. The cure has been sharp but complete. Trust me, and believe me true, wife. I love none but you.

"Jasper, when I heard her name just now, I felt as though I could kill her."

"Muriel!"
"I did. I thought of the time when she
pampered you to madness with her wiles,
won you on to love her, and then froze
you with a look—sent you to your death,
had not friends found you out and rescued

you."

"And you the best of all, my darling,"
be said, little dreaming she had stood face
to face with the woman she was talking
about, and borne from her the bitterest insuit one woman can bear from another.
"It would indeed have been death but for you, my Muriel; but Doris Carlyon did not know of it."

"And would not have cared, if she

"I think she would. Don't speak of her like that, Muriel. I loved her once." "She was not worthy of an honest man's love—a was not worthy or an induced here. Vain, frivolous, heartless, if you will, Doris Carlyon, might be, but not that. I believe she was pure.

lyon, might be, but not that. I believe she was pure."

"Do you? Hest in your belief if you will. I think men only see the surface; we women have farther seeing eye. If it were not that Doris Carlyon's path and ours lie as far apart as the poles, I should fear you still, Jasper."

"Don't be unjust, little woman. I spoke the simple truth when I told you I was cured. I would rather look into our beby's bright eyes and on to your golden hair, than on the glitter of all her starry jewels. Try and trust your husband, child, and believe that the world holds naught for him like the treaspress of this little room."

him like the treasures of this little rohim like the treasures or this little room.

And Muriel smiled, and declared her
fears dispelled, and he himself believed
what he said, and thought his heart was
ande; but for all that, it was just as well
that he had not seen his employer's cus-



must pardon my being so rude as to doubt it; but of course you do not know her an-tecedents. How should you?"

"Do you?"
"No one better."

She was my companion little better than my maid even. I took her in some sort out of charity.

'Indeed!'
Don't Company.

Doris Carlyon's bitter spite did not let her see the acen, cold look in the old man see eyes, and she answered eagerly, with a bit-

"Yes; and she ran away from my house "Yes; and she ran away from my house with an artist I had employed to paint my portrait, and who made such a horrible failure of it—having no talent, I presume— that I was really obliged to leave Lon-don to avoid being the laughing stock of the town."

"Perhaps your beauty blinded him, "Perhaps your beauty blinded him, Miss Carlyon. Perhaps backing in the sunshine of your smiles took the sight from his brain, the nerve from his wrist.

from his brain, the nerve from his wrist. Such things have been before now. The story of Circe has its parallels in this nineteenth century of ours."

"Ah, you have heard the tale, I see," she said, with a hard, mirthless laugh; "but pray don't fancy me a Circe, Mr. Colliver. I did no such serpent like mischief. The man was mad; there could not be a doubt of that. But that's not to the nurroses. This woman that you think such hard.

be a doubt or that. But that's bot to the purpose. This woman that you think such a pattern of prudery went and lived openly with him in his London lodgings."

"Dear, dear, how we may be deceived," Jabez Colliver said, with a smile. "But she is useful to me, Miss Carlyon, and I don't think I shall allow any one to prejudice me against her."

don't think a second doe me against her."
"Oh, I m sure I don't want to," was the careless reply. "I m glad she's found some hanger on its t careless reply. "I m glad she's found some one to marry her, even a hanger on in a shop. What is his name, Mr. Colliver?"

tute condition.

inte condition.
"Hullo, friend, you make yourself at home!" Jabez said.
"Don't grudge me your doorstep," the man replied, in a voice far more refined than his looks: "it is not luxurious accommodation."

his head, and showed a sear on his fore-head over which the bair refused to grow. Jalez looked at him for a moment, and ex-

iracious powers! Ralph Rutherford!" "The same."
"Come back after all these years. Where are you been?"

have you been?"
"Very nearly in the next world."
"And what has brought you to this pass?"
"The devil—in other words, a woman. Int give me something to cat, old friend.

I haven't tasted food for six and-thirty
hours, and I'm well nigh spent."

CHAPTER XIV.

A PANCY BALL IN PROSPECT. He is a fool who thinks by force or skill. To turn the current of a woman's will.

till the world ceased wondering from sheer

Mrs. Bollew was very glad. Dorin was a Mrs. Bellew was very glad. Doris was a very troublesome young lady to chaperon, and would take no advice, but a husband ruling in her household would be a more troublesome person still, and would have interfered sadly with the nice pickings which daily fell to the old lady's share.

Ernest Dormer was often questioned about his cousin's proceedings, and urged to press the suit of one and another, but "He was Tell him so. Make him another the results of the was declined to meadile in bottom."

careless reply. "In glad she a found some one to marry her, even a hanger on in a shop. What is his name, Mr. Colliver?"
"I don't think it would interest you if you heard it, madam. The man who dusts my brasses and polishes up my carvings can be nothing in your eyes."

"I was cousins proceedings, and urged to press the suit of one and another, but he always declined to meddle in Duris a concerns. She trusted him, and would will be well, then. I know how strong the spoke to her of love, or allowed any man had never seen, but who had willed his to do so if he could prevent it.

"I was. Tell him so. Make him undertaking taken."

"He was. Tell him so. Make him undertaking taken."

"He was. Tell him so. Make him undertaking taken."

"He was. Tell him so. Make him undertaking taken."

"He was. Tell him so. Make him undertaking taken."

"How came she there?"
"I did not sak. The eld man said she was married to his assistant—the man who cleans the shop, and that sert of thing. I hope she may be, I'm sure; but I don't believe it."

Here it."

"I should like to see her, poor girl."

"I don't want to see or hear any more of her, I'm sure," said Doris, contempts only it had be seen to be seen it in the three of the three to be got at other places, I suppose."

"But why go to him at all. There's old like to be got at other places, I suppose."

"Well, I went for a freek. I saw some of the lace by accident, and was lold it was

isce to be got at other places, I suppose."

"Well, I went for a freak. I saw some of the lace by accident, and was told it was the property of this old Jew, or whatever he is. It is just the thing I want, so I am going to take all he has."

"I will go to morrow," Ernest Dormer said. "I should like to find out what is really Miss Chisholm's position now. I was very much interested in her."

"Oh, go by all means. I can't say the subject interests me much. Come and look at the sketch of my dress, and tell me how you think it will look. I want this ball to be a grand snecess, Ernest."

"To what end, fair consin?"

"To the end of pleasing myself, that is all—to the end of seeing my friends pleased," she added, with a sigh. "Do you grudge me so much of happiness?"

"I gradge you none. "Is yourself will not let yourself be happy, Doris."

"What would you have me de?" she asked, looking straight into his face with her keen, searching, dark eyes.

"The right, Poris."

"And that is..."

She glanced nervously around as she spoke, as if fearful that they might be

She glauced nervously around as she spoke, as if fearful that they might be "The walls have not ears," he said,

noither delicacy of tonen nor pleasant imagination. Have it taken away."

"No, indeed. I paid a little fortune for it, and I liked Mr. Haynes very much. He made himself very agreeable white he was here, and behaved like a man of sense."

"Meaning, that he took your soft words and looks for what they were worth, and allowed you to pay him in money for what ever insult you chose to put upon him."

"What coarse ideas you have, Ernest I only meant that he behaved like a sensible one. Rather than do what you call the right in this instance, I would fing every farthing I possess into the broad sea. I would eather my conflicted the representation of the proposed of the research of the representation of "Done man replied, in a voice rathan his looks "it is not luxurious ac commodation."

"You're welcome, if you're tired."

"That I am."

He stretched out his worn feet as he spoke, and showed the state of his boots.

"And the child?"

"He's nearly starved."

"If I bring you food, will you go away quietly when yon have eaten it? I disalke tramps and beggars about my doors."

I am neither; and there was a time, so labez Coliver, when you would not have horse the started me from your door. But I was tarried me from your door being the next in succession to a young on being the next in succession to a young one."

"Don't begin the subject with me again, bout the subject with me again, but it into one vast pyre, and burn myser into one vast pyre, and burn myser. I would gather my though the top of it, before it would see to traite to the place where he lived, and the one again and beggars about my doors."

"I am neither; and there was a time, traited the cuttive to lacker than dulas, a false friend, a coward to succession to a young one."

"But to the place where he lived, and the top of it, before it would see traited to the top of it, before it would see to traite to the place where he lived, and the top of it, before it would see to the loos one seemed to the top of it, before in the top of it, b

on being the next in succession to a young lady whom the fashionable world had begun to set down as sworn to ceitiacy for some secret reason of her own.

Nhe had lovers in plenty. She might have been a duchess had she chosen to accept the "strawberry leaves," she might have doubled her wealth by marrying the richest commoner in England, but she would have none of them.

"She had plenty of money," she declared. "and she loved her liberty too well to give it up."

And so she dismissed suitor after suitor, till the world ceased wondering from sheer.

"Was perfectly accounted." He is not the only on the many series. It is not the only on the said, savagely. "In the subject which series the suitor as the suitor and she dismissed suitor after suitor, till the world ceased wondering from sheer.

"Was perfectly accounted."

"Was perfectly acquainted with a peasant girl one Teresa.

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is safe with me, Dorie, though the keeping

Ab, of conrec, she replied, with a man, or course, and repited, with a cuttle. "Makes you a mark for husband-hunting women, and that sort of thing. Bear it a little longerfor me. I have more

Hear it a little longer for me. I have more
than that to bear.

She sighed as she apoke, and there was
a weary look in her dark eyes that t.id ofsome hidden serrow. She had a heavy
burden to bear, this petted child of fortune,
and she had to bear it with a smiling face
and a calm caterior.

As she spoke, the floor at the end of the
room opened, showing the long vista of
the drawing from, with the strange-looking
picture in a strong light at the end of it.

Borts shuddered, and an icy chill snemed
to creep over her heart.

to creep over her heart.

"It is a ghastly picture," she said. "I might look like that if I were stricken down. Will the end be murder, I wonder? If he were alive and free, I should fear it. it is, I am safe safe, in spite of all

and to a large sales, in spite of an auch outers as that broad red state.

"My dear, you are very pale," said Mrs. Bellew, who entered at that moment.

"Are you too tired to come and see the patterns for the bangings of the ball-

"Not a bit, auntis. Ernest and I were only talking, something gravely, perhaps,

ont tustness.
"Nothing going wrong, dear, I hope?"
"Oh, no. Where are these patterns?"
"In your morning room. The young
on is waiting down stairs for orders."

"In your morning room. The young man is waiting down-stairs for orders."
The bail was to be the most aplendid thing that had ever been seen in Warwick, shire, and the bail-room was to be turned into a copy of the reception-room at Whitehall in the days of Charles I.

Daris was going to appear as Henrietta Maria, though her beauty was of a far more regal order than that of the "small, dark, foreign looking woman," as some historian, perhaps more truthful than polite, has described the hapless queen.

Ernest Dormer had promised to array himself in the ossinne which history and pictures have made us familiar with as the dress of the martyr king.

The shatches of dressess which her various Iriends had sent her made Doris sure that the bail would be the most brilliant after of the season, and she was sparing no expense to fit up the Grange in secondance with the costly dresses of her guests. The campany were to come in masks if they chose—in proper person if they liked it better—and a very merry night was expected by all.

But Legis Carlyon had better have shot

eted by all. But Duris Carlyon had better have shut But Dais Carlyon had better have shot her doors and denied her guests—better have reduced the Grange and all in it to a smoking heap of ashes—than have re-ceived the guest under its roof that fate and her evil genins were sending her.

AN UNDIDURN OURSE Then from those cavernous eyes. Pale flashes seemed to silve, As when the northern skies elean in December.

Longfeilou

Ernest Dormer was as good as his word. He had business which took him to London the next day, and he resolved to go to Linchouse and find out how much of Doris Carlyon's story was true. His interest in Muriel Chisholm was great. He was not in love with her—never had been; but he looked upon her as a spleudid woman, physically and intellectually; and he admired rather than rebuked the herotam.

mired rather than rebuked the herotom.

Attend her hand to hand,
where the color was care for the
man she loved. That she had gone further
in her wrong doing he would not believe;
but that she was married, and so far beneath her as his consin a words seemed to
imply, was an enigma he could not solve.
He was master of his property now.
The estate he had gone to the West Indies
to see after had become his own through
the doath of his father, and he was an idle
man as far as any actual business was

the death of his father, and he was an tile man as far as any actual business was concerned. He had sought for Jasper Onslow, but no one could tell him of the artists whereabouts. Mis Henderson was gote from Villiers street, and she had kept her own counsel while there, and none of the neighbors knew anything about the young couple who had owed so much to a charce suggestion from her. All that he was to learn of Murici he must learn from herealf, if even indeed Doris was not mis-tricken sitogether in her identity. gone from Villiers street, and she had kept her own counsel while there, and none of the neighbors knew anything about the young couple who had owed so much to a chance suggestion from her. All that he was to learn of Murici he must learn from herself, if even indeed Doris was not missisten sitopether in her identity.

"You Quinotic creature," Doris said, when she gave him Jeber Colliver's address. "Take cars you don't get murdered in that queer old hole, that is all. I would not have gone there for worlds if had known what sort of a place it was—a regular murderous looking haunt."

Entest Dormer laughed and went his key, and certainly found nething very nerderous looking in the aspect of Limehone when he steped ashiner from the boat, and inquired of the first amphibious looking person he met, the way to Maring Manor.

As sign of any one was to be seen, and the passed in through the open door to find himself in the odd apartment which served as shop and living room to the owner of the place.

At was an odd scene. Heterogeneous pies of articles, old and new, ancient and sweet and cover, were here, there, and every "And is she married."

"No she says."

piles of articles, old and new, ancient and modern, were here, there, and everywhere; valuable bits of china and articles. of verta were disposed on shelves about the walls, and some specimens of rare and ancient jeweiry and tvory work were se-curely locked in glass cases, and filled the shelves of a carved achinet, which would have delighted a lover of antique furni-and

Miss Chisholm," he said, gently.

Mariel laughed now, a happy, musical little laugh.

"Before I tell you," she said, "will you promise me one thing?"

"Anything possible to grant," he replied. "What is it?"

"Toat you will never tell her, your consin, where to find him—that you will never botray to her in any way that you know where he is."

"I promise most willingly," he said, gravely. "No good can ever come of their meeting. Hely upon it, if I can prevent her crossing his path I will."

"Then I'll trust you," she said. "You have seen the shopman's wife; now I'll introduce you to the shopman,"

She slipped back the little secret door behind the curtain as she spick, and called "Jasper," and to Ernest Pormers inexpressible amazement the artist stepped out into the light.

No sign of any one was to be seen, and

enter the brilliantly-lighted avenue through not turned his thoughts much on the sub-which the carriages passed to the grand entrance. A force of the Warwick police Prober's sermons a bore, but had no

Manor.

Just a year had passed since Jasper Ogs.

Land a see pird the old broker's offer—
Just a year had been the assistant to

Jai-2 Coffeer in that quant old place
and he were been before
in his life, content.

"My Cousin Doris is possessed with a
devil, I verily believe," Ernest Dormer

devil, I verily believe, "Ernest Dormer

End been rained by the intemperate

with the distressing and over harsh our

content.

"My Cousin Doris is possessed with a
devil, I verily believe," Ernest Dormer Just a year be had been the assistant to Jaire. Colliver in that quaint old place; and he was what he had never been before in bis life, content.

The autumn son was shining down the years intic street at the end of which the old manor stood. The window was open, and the sold things which hung about it, with their bright bits of coloting and sceape of metalliclustre, made a picturesque picture of the old wall, surmounted by its peaked coof.

"Yes, I found the place," he said, profingst experiments of the old fellow and all that. Its peaked coof. lected his wife, and then chosen to anspect her honor. His one sob, George, was born after he had been married three years, and when this suspicious fit was at the height; but though never inclined to be fond of his son, he had, during his youth, shown no signs of any great aver-sion to him, and had treated him not un-kindly, essecially after his mother's death. "And to the shopman?"

"I suppose that is what you would call

"I suppose that is what you would call had paid for a private tutor first, and sent

the walls, and some specimens of rare and ancient jeweiry and ivory work were accurely locked in glass cases, and filled the shelves of a carved cabinet, which would have delighted a lover of antique furnishers.

A handsome, dark eyed child, in a makeshift sort of costume, was playing about on the floor, and a baby a wicker crude, with a chubby infant salesp in it, etood in a shaded corner, out of all draught, or likelihood of being touched by chance.

Muriel sat in a low chair, with a heap of line in her lap, so diligently working that the had not beard him come in.

He looked at her for a moment in pleased anim her look—the golden hair falling about her shoulders in curis, the softened expression of her face, her plain draws, all comes in the flooring touched by was a very different person from the rather as moment regarding her before he made his presence known. After a panse he is presence known. After a panse he impressed in the effect of it on the rich the latter of the ball came, and the avenue through which the carriages passed to the grand ont turned his thoughts much on the subject of religion; he considered Parson Probate.

terminations. One of his impulses was to marry this girl; not at first, or in a hurry, because he was not sure of her affection; but after the acquaintance of nearly three people she knew to one could present them a leves at the ball without a card signed by herself, and she had signed none except for inviting a few of his particular friends; but she knew thoroughly.

Ernest Dormer had had the privilege of inviting a few of his particular friends; but she knew she could trust him, and she went to her anonymous guest without a fear.

The morning room was lit, and adorned in the same style as the rest of the honse, and looked exceedingly pretty.

In the centre of the room, with the light of a crimson lamp falling foil upon bim, stood a tall man, of commanding presence, in the garb made familiar to us by the portraits of Oliver Cromwell.

He were a breastplate and gorget of fine Misnesse workmanship, and a heimet and gauntiets of the same completed his costume. He was masked, as it was allowable for the guests to be; but as his hosiessen tered, he removed helmet and mask, and turned his face foil upon her.

Doris Carlyon looked at him for a moment, and then, stretching out her arms with a faint cry, she sank insensible at his feet.

(To be continued in our next. Commencedity No. 37.)

See the second control of the contro made them together more willing to share unfinchingly the difficulties which lay be-

And she stated up with a reliason frame from the first warmen and instead at him of memory the instead of the first warmen and instead of the first warmen and instead of the first warmen and the fir

The London season was at its height. The Easter recess was over; Parliament was in the full swing of a busy session; and the hundred and one thousand hangers.

In made them together more willing to share undinability the difficulties which lay be force them.

At the time of which I tell you George had come in tired and dispirited; for he and come in the follows and tired and come in

and Ethel's striking beauty, and which they kept up by the many good qualities which they possessed. But all this while George never spoke about their past life to Ethel, nor did he mention the subject until they had been at Blackwood for a fortnight, and then it was in this wise.

Comment

- 100 M

Thou canst not thus be take to any man.

So they made up their minds to stay at Blackwood; and before they had been there a year the properly began to about manifest signs of the change of owers. The village began to grow tidier. A model cottage or two were put up here and there. The school-room was rebuilt and the church improved. Then E hel had her classes and worked hard at them; not spasmodically and with the real which is warm one day and negligent the next, but with care and determination and patience. Ble found it up-hill work at first, and the difficulties many, but she soon overcame them. She took up the choir too, and paid attention to the singing in church. The result was increased attendance and greater interest. Then she made George pay a good salary to a curate to help the rector, and contrived that he should select a clever man from Balliol, who was wice enough to

Co alla form

and negligant the next, he have the care and determination and patiences. She found it up-hil work at first, and the difficulties make it that the control of the control o

But, no! The brain might reason, the But, no: The brain might reason, the beart was not convinced. The mind, irri-tated and overwhelmed, might be excited nearly to the pitch of action: but against it, stronger than the logic which justified the act and the desire which made it sweet, store the still small voice which said, "It is wrong!"

long—George sat, his hand outstretched with the paper near the coals; and then, the contest over, turned with a heavy sigh and was opening his desk to put the dead the contest over, turned with a heavy sigh and was opening his desk to put the dead therein. Just at that moment the door opened and his wife came in, her face radiant and lighted up with the excitement of good news.

"Ethel!"

"Yes, dear. Lord Fairbairn has just come; he is in a great hurry; he says he wants to tell you that Mr. Anstruther has resigned, and he is anxious that you should issue your address. But good heavens, George! what is the matter?"

"Ethel, look here!"

CHAPTER IV.

"The evil that men do lives after them; The good is oft interred with their bones."

Though it was still comparatively early in the year the smoking room at the Minerva was full. The keenness felt at the great act which was to remedy the years of unjust legislation toward Ireland had brought numbers of parliament up earlier than usual to London. It was Wednesday. Little was going on at St. Stephens, and in the club were assembled several members of either House of Parliament and pers of either House of Parliament and bers of either House of Parliament, and many men well known in the public world, men who would be able to give you, one or the other of them, some information on nearly any point which you wished to dis-cuss.

nearly any point which you wished to discuss.

"What are you going to do, Henry?"
said a member of the Government, who
was notorious for not turning up his nose
at the attractions of society, to a tall, grayheaded man, who was sitting before the
fire reading the Pail Mall. "Going to
Berkeley-square?"

"No, I told the duchess I should not
come. No, I am waiting for Fairbairn,
who promised to play a rubher of coarte. I
expected him here an hour ago."

"That's odd; he is not generally unpunctual."

term much have prevented my rather of the property of the prop

A Marriage in the Argyll Family—Blue Blood Mingled with Blood Somewhat Redder.

The numerous family of the Dake of

The numerous family of the Duke of Argyll will soon be so composed as to include within its widely extending limits members of almost every grade of English society. It is eldest son, the Marquis of Lorne, is married to a daughter of the Queen of England. His second son is a wine merchant, an occupation always held in considerable honor among the Sootch, in memory, no doubt, of the time when only families of some in portance could stock their cellars with wine, and when the wine merchant was often the preprietor of vineyards in France and Spain. That, however, does not alter the fact that the duke's second son is in the wine trade. His third son is a tea dealer, a merchantnot a gracer, selling tea by retail across the counter, but a dealer in tea all the same. One of the commercial members of the family, Lord Walter Campbell—whether the dealer or the wine merchant I forget—is now shout to marry Miss Milne, daughter of a very rich manufacturer, who began life as a workman, and whose literary education has been saily neglected. The duke will thus find himself in the interesting position of being allied to the royal family on the one hand, to the laboring classes on the other; and he is already connected, through both his younger sons, royal family on the one hand, to the labor-ing classes on the other; and he is aircady connected, through both his younger sons, with the wholesale commerce of the country. To put the matter in another and more striking light, the sister of his eldest daughter-in-law will be the future queen; the mother of his youngest daughter a sort of Mrs. Malaprep accustomed to commit the unpardenable offence of "murdering the Queen's English." Will Queen Victoria and the lady who habitually defaces her majesty's word coinage meet? and how, in where the first was the only one who which the same of and the lady who habitually defaces her majesty's word coinage meet? and how, in any case, will the two daughters in law get on together? Miss Milne will suddenly find herself connected very closely with the royal family of England, and not very remotely with those of Prussia, Denmark and Russia. Her future husband is brother of the Marquis of Lorne, who is brotherin-law of the Princes of Prussia, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Einsturgh, and whose wife is sister in-law.

in the assertion of a variety o

"Then close the page, my lassic, And lift thy pretty lead, And what the book would say to thee, The wood shall say instead,"

The wood shall say instead,"
Where the laugh comes in is about "The
Jimroyjohn's Sailor Snits," and "The
Robin's Nest" has a charming little design. A happy idea is the stricle "For
Very Little Folks," in large type and loud
pictures; and something new and funny
in the way of variety is "The Language
of the Restless Imps."

American Homes.

American Homes.

The strength of the American Republication and the strength of the American Republication and the state of the American sends well as the say that since the family make so much free about the affair he withdraws his effor. As a matter of fact, the marries is between Lord Walter Campbell and Muss Mine is definitely arranged.

If the new member of the Argyll family freedom of her birth, she may console her self by redicting that even in the very highest circles irritating questions of "precedence" are spit to arise. Thus the Duches of Elinburgh is said to be under the impression that, being the designter of a newperor, she is entitled to take precedence of the Princess of Wales, who is only the daughter of a second-rate king. The Princess of Wales, on her side, lays afrees on the fact that she is the wife of the heir spiperent to the English throne, whereas the Duchess of Edinburgh is only the wife of his younger brother. These little disputes must render life very agreeable to the members of the royal family.—N. Y. Times.

Schinker for May is freeh and delighting a proper to the very interest of the members of the royal family.—N. Y. Times.

Schinker for May is freeh and delighting a layer of the very agreeable to the very layers and because of home, and so nation whose people possess this as a common sentialized on lose its liberties.

A True Story.

From the West we get a true story which gloomity angoests some of Feydean's weird and horrible fancies. It is well for mankinds peace of mind that things like this which we are about to relate seldom occur. The St. Louis Chief of Politos was very much agitated the other menoisty by the recent of a telegram from the conductor of a Vandalia train then approaching the city. In the briefest manner the dispatch stated that in the baggage car of that train was a trunk emitting so disbolical an odor that it irresistibly suggested a murderous track dispatch, and further, that its owner was on the train, and the number of the check was so and so. A whole buttalion of policemen and detectives was immediately sent to the depot, the train arrived, the trank was quietly conflected, and its owner secrelly secompanied to his hotel, not to be arrested until its fatal contents were revealed. Then followed a scene to which only the pencil of a Kuthach and a Dore could do justice. The lid of the heavy trunk was slowly lifted in the presence of a horror stricken group and—it is hard to mention the fearful fact—to their dilated eyes were disclosed. the ghastly forms of six (6) Limburger cheeses.

Popular Comment

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1874.6

TERMS---Always in Advance.

Empire comp. \$8,100 a year. payatise in advances, not similar gerians, which is twenty centra a year, and make at the office where the paper is received, war yearly estructives will be entitled to a empy of a remainment of the control of our large seattiful President Short Regravings... The

Remittances should be made, if possible, in confine Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, payable to reduce of the instruction Proof Publishing Company, I Canaron, in Organizes was Wastershoot Organize on Remarks of Organizes on Remarks of Chances or Regravings when they are not best forces or Regravings when they are red but they should fayers them.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Ha. 219 Wainut Street, Philadelphia

BUILDING A HOME.

One of the most pleasing objects that a man looks forward to through years of toil is to build a house for himself, to solidify, in brick and mertar, his ideal of a home, —or rather of the visible body that shall most worthly shelter and minister to the growth of the home spirit. And how a man reveals himself, sets forth his a man reveals himself, sets forth his strength or weakness, when fortune puts into his hands the power of realization: fludden wealth is rarely used with taste and judgment. Crude as the individual will be his mansion. A hundred mistaken or half formed, undigested ideas find ex-pression, preclaiming what he is and where he stands. Even if glaring blun-ders are avoided by enlisting professional skill, some law of fitness or adaptation is pretty sure to be violated, and as sure to avenge itself speedily.

course, for close-built cities deny the necessary space. Among the villas, then,
and the word is not a pretentious one,
simply meaning rural, as village means a
country town. A villa differs from a farmhouse in tasteful and elegant additions,
what may be called the flowering of personal refinements, upon the plain structure devoted to useful purposes. And the
most charming home features are often
the little 4mprovements made year after
year as means admit, to meet the growing year as means admit, to meet the growing wants and tastes—the developing charac-Whether consonant with rigid architectural laws or not, such addi-tions are ears to be planning, if they really flower out from the in-dwelling home

form the in-dwelling bone apirit.

That library, for instance, jutting off from the main building, embodies the longing of half a lifetime. Within, its library in the cherished idea that has ripened to rich fulness through years of waiting. The books arranged at last in appropriate place and fitting order, are gradual acon-mulations, every volume dear with its own interest, and breathing a spirit through the place. Choice company from all the ages, silent yet eloquent, saints and poets and through yet eloquent, saints and poets and heroes, here they are, a real presence, in viting closest communion of soul with soul. Never obtraview, yet always ready, they strengthen in spirit and soothe by turns, —unfailing fountains of recreation. On top of the shelves, not inaccessibly high, but set with familiar nearness, are the marble busts,—a chosen few from the kings of thought. And such treasures of art as enrich and embellish the room are the species of more covered on the same operation was to be performed on the same operation was to be performed on the father on the night before the son's father on the night

all the wealth of tropte leaf and blossom that so havirates in the light and heat of the short, glowing search. Each successive month, throws its own splendor of color over the small demain, and endiess are the graces and sweetnesses that every day and hour brings forth. In the cool, dewy morning multitudes of morning glories are ablow, lighting up the trellissish the azure and rosy tints of dawn to groot the early riser. The mystic passion vine make a lower of its own lexintal growth, in whose dim religious light Theodora may sit and dream dreams and see visions—her face uplified to the stary flowers, breathing love and awe from their schadowy cross and aroun of thorns—or best intently over the devotional pages of Fereion or Guyon, Augustine or Thomas a kempis. In the charmed mosnlight richest scents are affoat of jeasamine and taberose, and the place is a little fairy swalm, apart in the upper air.

To please the same taste through the being winter months, and cheat them of these gloom, the whole east end of the treakfast-room is thrown out to the cheerful light—a somi circle of glass, generous in amplitude and generously furnished with such plants as are sare to fourish, and occasionally to bloom. There the conary awings and sings in his gilded onese, and the fountain falls, fashing and tanking into the beam where the gold fishewars, and, hardly less consciously rejon to the expense of one of the Wisconing, fresh leaves and fowers daily open to

DATE:

treest expression of human sympathy and affection, confers on it its highest and most lasting character of beauty."

off to the antique wait, preserving its memories in decay.

Inaggina' we men are at home in picturesque as—country homes with high roofs, steep ratios, primetrical and capations and superior and that the archaits—any and every feature that reach originally, heddiness, energy, and variety haracter. To fled a ready original man living a original and characteristic homes in a satisfactory as to find an english need built on the top of contain craps, while to find a pretentions, character are to find an english need built on the top of contain craps while to find a pretentions, shains in each a habitation is no better than to the ne fadaw in the english need. The idea of a semented castle may be very captivating, but, where we semedishing of the contain of the motion of the contains of the motion of t

AN OLD SUPERSTITION.

Among the horrible appersitions which still exist in some parts of the world, that of the vampire is one of the worst. A re-cent lawnit in Germany has shown that this weird belief still exists, notwithstandng the boasted enlightenment of the nine

ing the boasted enlightenment of the nine-teenth century.

On the 5th of February, 1870, there died at Kantzyno, a village in Western Prussis, of consumption, a respectable gentleman, named Francis Von Poblocki, sixty three years of sge. A few days after his funeral his eldest son, Anton, was taken sick and died on the 18th of the same mouth. Ac-cording to the physician, his disease was what is known as "galloping consump-tion."

tion."
Almost at the same time this man's wife and a young daughter were taken sick; a second son and a brother-in-law felt very unwell, and all these persons complained of feeling indescribable anxiety and op-

where he stands. Even if glaring blunders are avoided by enlisting preferations askill, some law of fitness or adaptation is pretty sure to be violated, and as sure to a venge itself speedily.

And tails on the other side.

The millionaire forgets that the genius of our country smiles only upon moderate estates; and his castle or palace, imitating the baronial granderior of the Old Worth; left a stranded wreck from the first financial storm.

The best examples of domestic architectore are found among dwellings of moderate proteonion; in the country, of course, for close-built cities deny the necessary space. Among the villas, then, and the word is not a pretentious one, simply meaning rursh, as village means a

some forethle measures, the fearful terror is dispelled.
According to this superstition, which prevails in Foland and Western Frussia, the atdility to become a wampire is given with the so called Fortunatus cap, which in all ages and among all people has been regarded as an emblem of prosperity. Such vampire candidates are said to be somewhat dictatorial and avariations. The principal sign, it is believed, is to be found in the corpus. The face retains its color; the blood flows freely; the stiffness and offensiveness of dead bodies are entirely absent, as though the person were in a sent, as though the person were in a

kings of thought. And such treasures of art as enrich and embellish the room are the spoils of love, not of money, coveted indulgences—expressions of individuality. For this individuality, visible in all things, exterior and interior, is what gives life and character to the home.

Thus, to please the flower loving daughter, whose chamber opens out upon it, the flat roof of the library becomes a ministure garden, brimming over all the summer through with bloom and fragrance. There, in vases, and graceful justificates, and rus in the colling of the supposed vanjuire.

The grave-digger consented to do this, but first consulted the pastor of the village church. The worthy clergyman forbade church. The worthy clergyman forbade

The worthy ciergyman forbade the bases and green in which carry spring flowers,—one especial basket of surpassing sweet ness, overflowing with Vioiets birthday fee also set a watch on the night before the pets, and the roses and blues of June, and all the wealth of tropte leaf and blueson carriers, and the men were not disturbed that so luxuriates in the light and heat of lie also set a watch on the night before the funeral. The watchman was, however, careless, and the nen were not disturbed until they had accomplished their pur-

and occasionally to bloom. There the canary awings and sings in his gilded cage, and the fountain falls, flashing and dinkling into the basin where the gold flabrowim, and, hardly less consciously rejorcing, fresh leaves and flowers daily open to the light. The dreariness of winter never enters here. Sunshine and singing cheer to morning meal; and if storms rave without, they but heighten by contrast the wonfort within.

If the house have that invaluable privilege—a fine view, it is an appropriate feature to make the chamber window open on a baloony, that the occupant may step out at early morning or evening, or in the insuall of a storm, to enjoy the lights and chandows, and endless picturesque variations of the landscape. As Downing says, "Whatever gives to the villa its best and

THE SANDS OF DEE.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The western tide except up along the sand, And ever and even the sand, And round and round the satel, As far as eye extild nee. The rotting mids came down and hid the land; And never home came alo.

riti ja it weed, or fish, or finaling hair-

A trees of golden hair, A drawned maiden's hair, A here the hets at sea?" Was ever salmen yet that shows so fair Among the stakes at Dec?

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hought foam,
To her grave beside the sea.
But at ill the boatment hear her call the cattle home.
Across the sands of Dec.

THE CREMATION MOVEMENT.

ADOUTION.

One of the wealthiest persons in New York, after reading a suggestion in the Mannfacturer and Builder that the most useful thing to be done with dead bedies of men and animals, is to make gas of them and use the remainder for fertilizing purposes, has made the following codicil to a testament drawn up long ago, and bequeathing all the profits to public useful purposes. The codicil reads thus:

"Not wishing that my body, after death, shall add to the injury produced by porsonous effluvis diffused from conseteries among their surroundings, I direct that the unavoidable dissolution of my remains into gaseous and earthy matters, shall be hastened by cremation, instead of being retarded by burial, thus utilizing its material directly for the vegetable kingdom, to which we all imput once furnish food, and at the same time guarding myself against the awful possibility of resurrection in a closed and buried coffin. The ancients in the awful possibility of resurrection in a closed and buried coffin. The ancienta, in the awful possibility of resurrection in a closed and buried coffin. The ancients, in burning the bodies of their dead, supposed that the so called soul or spirit ascended to Heaven with the flames. Chemistry has taught us in our century that something more real ascenda, namely, different gases, especially divers carbon compounds, which may at once be utilized and that the remaining ashes may be kept separate and prevented from being mixed with those of the fuel by the details prescribed in this will, namely: I direct that my remains, after manifesting the only sure sign of death, greenish discoloration of the abdomen, may be subject to an autopsy by some professors of the medical department of the University of New York, if they think that it may be useful for the progress of science. My remains shall then be injected with petroleum, cresitie alcohol, or its disinfecting equivalents, be laid in a metallic (tron) coffin, as small as practicable, and a burial service held at my residence, presided over by the Rev. Dr.

ticable, and a burial service held at my residence, presided over by the Rev. Dr. or or any other enlightened clergyman. Immediately after the close of said service, the hearse, couveying the coffin with my remains, shall proceed to the Manhattan Gas Works, where the lid shall be removed, and with due solemnity be placed in one of the retorts, and the same closed for the space of three or four hours, the usual heat applied, so that all the moisture and gaseous ingredients may be driven off, partially condensed, passed through the purifiers, while the mittigenized compounds will be collected as ammonia as usual, and the hydro-carbons add their share to the duty of illuminating the monia as usual, and the hydro-carbons add their share to the duty of illuminating the city. The retort shall then be opened so as to admit air to the heated matter, in order to burn as much as possible of the carbon remaining into carbonic acid escap-ing. If any respectable party or associa-tion expresses a desire to preserve my ashes, they shall be placed in an urn, or other substantial vessel, and delivered to the same. If no such desire is expressed. ashes, they shall be placed in an urn, or other substantial vessel, and delivered to the same. If no such desire is expressed, I direct that my ashes shall be delivered to the Central Park Commissioners, to be used as fertilizing material on one of the flower-beds near the music stand, in the Central Park. The president, vice president, and secretary of the New York Litterial Club are herewith appointed as executors to see that this part of my will be duly fulfilled."

FORGETFULNESS OF WORDS.

Dr. Abercrombie records an instance of a gentleman who uniformly called his snuff-box a hogshead. When reminded of the error he probably recognized it, but his tendency was, nevertheless, in this direction. His physician hypothetically traced the oddity to an early and lorg-continued association of ideas. The gentleman had been taken to be a continued association of ideas. tleman had been a tobacco

be expected under such circumstances. He kept before him in his business-room a list of the words which were most likely to occur in his intercourse with his workmen occur in his intercourse with his worknien. When any one of his men wished to communicate with him on any subject, the master listened attentively to what was said; the sound of the words did not convey to his mind the idea of the things or the commodities signified, but it did suggest to him written words which he, therefore, proceeded to consult; the sight of the letters forming those words at once gave him the necessary clue to the meaning. The process was notworthy; the sound of him the necessary clue to the meaning. The process was noteworthy; the sound of a word, when spoken, suggested the shape of the word when written, and this shape suggested the idea or mental picture of the thing signified. This appears to have been a permanent peculiarity of mind, or, at least, of long continuance, unconnected with any particular malady. In another case, which came under the notice of Dr. Gregory, a lady, consequent on an apoplectic fit, lost her memory of names, bat retained it for things. Although a good housewife, she could only direct her servants and tradespeople by pointing to the plectic fit, lost her memory of names, but retained it for things. Although a good housewife, she could only direct her servants and tradespeople by pointing to the things concerning which she meant to speak. All went on well in regard to the other words of the sentence, but when she came to the names of things memory failed her, and she could only convey her meanshing by pointing.

In fact, fermentation seems to me just as much a natural process as the growth of the apple or graps itself. But smough. I understand that this article probably closes the present discussion, and I for one am willing to rest it ing by pointing.

FREE PLATFORM

INTEMPERANCE, BAD WATER, ETC.

Messans Epirons:—I am obliged to you for your permission to reply at similar length to Mr. Horace Greeley's article, published last week, but really see no necessity for extending my remarks beyond the

sity for extending my remarks beyond the usual limit.

I am no friend of Intemperance or of Drunkenness—and have simply raised the question whether Probibitory Laws are, in the first place, effective; and, secondly, whether, if they are, they do not attain their end at too serious a cost to the other virtues and to Personal Freedom.

A Committee of the Massachusetts legislature has recently reported (minority report) that Massachusetts has more liquor saloons in proportion to population than any other New England State; pays the Cnited States thirty per cent. more liquor taxes, and has more intemperance. This, taken in conjunction with Dio Lewis recent statement that Boston has more liquor-saloons, in proportion to population, than Louisville, Ky., not withstanding Massachusetts has had prohibitory laws for the last twenty years, seems to prove pretty clearly that those laws do not always work very effectively.

Ralative to had water, which is a preva-

very effectively.

Relative to bad water, which is a preva-

Relative to bad water, which is a preva-lent source of disease and death, Mr. W. V. S. Beekman, of Sangerties, N. Y., says in the New York Tribune: In the reports of addresses delivered before va-rious dairymen's associations this winter, I have no-ticed that some of the speakers laid great stress upon the importance of pure seater for milch cows. Though recogniting this as true, in a general way, Though recognizing this as true, in a general way, it was impressed upon my mind this wither in a most decided manner. During the extremely wet seeather in December my butter had a very disarceable emil and flavor, and for more than a week ill efforts to discover the cause were unavailing, resum from the morning's milk was unaffected; it is left my to conclude that it must be seemething. his led me to conclude that it must be something aten or drank by the cows in the early part of the eaten or drank by the cows in the early part of the day that spoiled the eventug's milk. As the food was the same through the day, the trouble must of necessity arise from had water. The cows were then driven to a brook running through the pasture, Nuch to my satisfaction the next churning was all right again. Evidently a vein of bad water had and its way into the well from which my cows ink in winter, and smoiled the water. Si rith in winter, and spotied the water. Since this sperience I have, in driving through the neighbor-cod, noticed that many farms have wells in their armyards; considerable manure is scattered about, and in wet weather the vile pince finds its way into se wells, especially if the soil is sandy. Can the ik drawn from cowe which drink from these well-healthful, or the batter good flavored? The hearing, or the batter good havored? The sure of many epidemic diseases has been traced the use of tainted water. Not long since I read an unusual mortality among little children, seed to their being fed upon impure milk. This is a bject of vast importance, and concerns the welre of every household in the land.

we would suggest to all the Temperance ocieties through the land, to appoint tanding committees to investigate the audition of the drinking water in their reighborhood, and thus find out, before usisting that every one should drink water lone, that the water was suitable for linking proposes.

insisting that every one should drank water alone, that the water was suitable for drinking parposes.

Apropos to this subject, Professor Buckman writes to the Gardeners Chronicle concerning the discovery of a microscopic fungus in water, the drinking of which was suspected of developing cases of typhoid fever. He examined the spout of the pump, and found a gelatinous matter, indicating drainage from a cess pool. He detected this fungus in the water used by three families, suffering from typhoid fever, one of them his own.

A few words, before I close, relative to the wine used in Biblical times. That any same man can doubt, after reading the account of Noah's drankenness, and so much against the intemperate use of wine

much against the intemperate use of wine in the Scriptures, that the wine of that day in the Scriptures, that the wine of that day was intoricating, seems to me simply marvelicus. If there was any general use of unfermented grape-juice, why did not the Saviour, or some one of the Apostles, expressly allude to it, and say this you may drink, that not. Certainly it was not because the Saviour was in the habit of drinking grape-juice that he was called a "wine-bibber"—the folly of such a charge would have been too apparent. And Peter, on the day of Pentecost, did not deny the habit of drinking "new wine"—but answered, "For these are not drunken, as ye suppose, seeing it is but the but answered, "For these are not drun-ken, as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day." And St. Paul would hardly have written to Timothy, that a Bishop must not be "given to much wine," if the wine the bishops were in the habit of drinking was simply unfermented areas in the same than the same in the

grape juice.

And, by the way, there seems to be no mode of keeping grape-juice from fermode of keeping grape-juice from fer-menting practised anywhere in the wine regions of Europe or Asia, Professor S. C. Battell, D. D. says

Passing through the whole breadth of Europe on ne of its chief wine-growing balls, it seemed guins, and had had his attention well to me that this might be taken as a fair sample upited with hogsheads of tobacco and of the drinks which the people of any grap test of smull. This may not be a stiff. Virginia, and had had his attention well occupied with hospsheads of tobacce and boxes of sunff. This may not be a stifficient explanation, but it was the only one that suggested itself, as he made no studies in the suggested itself, as he made no studies a difficulty was presented by the gentleman who always called costs paper and paper coals, systematically, as it would appear, transposing the meanings of the two words. Both substances, it is true, are used in lighting a fire; but this fact does not suffice to solve the puzzle.

An inability to remember the names of things sometimes presents itself in a remarkable way: A gentleman engaged in extensive agricultural sfairs could not remember the spoken names of things, but recognized them directly when written. He arranged his daily duties accordingly, with a degree of success that could hardly be expected under such circumstances. He kept before him in his business-room a last of the goods which means the last of the goods which are studied in the content of the property and the strongest cider, which was formerly made in New Kngiand, from which in some instances, the taste could scarcely delicing the properties and the could scarcely delicing the properties and the properties and the could scarcely delicing the could be a supplied to th is invariably an alcoholic drink, apparently a little stronger than the strongest cider, which was for-merly made in New England, from which, in some instances, the taste cound scarce's be distinguished. And I have concluded that, if there be any practice of preserving the unfermented side of the grape, or preserving the grapes to make it such, as the excel-lent Mr. Delavan found in one solitary instance in Italy, it is a practice kept profoundly secret. And, if there be any unfermented begons sold and drank as where, in the region. I have now traveled these as " wines" in the region I have now travelled, the are liquors unknown to the hotels, the cafes, th restaurants, and the people who frequent th they are liquous not competised in the vin ordinaire of the great vintage none. Their exhelence is to me a secret undiscovered. I remember, too, that it was a thing which Dr. Ell Smith was unable, after

was a thing which Dr. Ril Smith was unable, after long and careful inquiry, to discover in Palestine and Syria.

I have some doubts myself whether grape-pince is not too rich and cloying for a very healthful drink—or whether it can be preserved at all in its unfermented state, without the use of it jurious drugs, and without taking the life and vitality from it. Experiments to delay the hardening of eider are generally not very successful—and the apple

ON THE MOORLAND.

Where we leftered, my darling and I.

High above us, the lack up in heaven.

Song shrilly and gladsome and clear.

As I whispered her low the old story we know,
That Eve is ushed in Eden to hear.

And I sought for her mid the will crosse.

That clustered and crept on the heath,
Buds whose hus was less rich than her lips were,
Whose scent was less sweet than her breath.

Where secult was less sweet than her breath.

The heather is dead on the hillside;
The swolien beck, murky and brown,
Moans low as it sweeps to the great river's deeps
From the dessinte dals and down;
The sake is dessinte in the farrow,
The cast wind waits blitter and keen,
The gaust leafless trees stand like ghosts on the
Where the glony of harvest has been.
And I, O my darling, my darling,—
I, who loved, yet was he'pless to sake;
There is not a flower in bras or in hower
I can gather to strew on thy grave.

S. K. PHILLIPS.

SPANISH TRAITS.

SPANISH TRAITS.

The first thing you will notice as a leading characteristic of Spanish character, writes a correspondent, is its exceeding passionateness. Whether this may be due in any measure to the flery sun of their climate or no, I cannot say. Many thoughtful men with whom I have conversed upon this subject believe that such is the case. But the fact remains. No race is so flery as this. The rule with the Spaniards of the lower order is a word and a blow. It is, however, quite a mistake to suppose that the uneducated Spaniard is vindictive in nature—quite the reverse. His anger, soon up, is soon down again, and the insult under which he smarted forgotten, whether it has been avenged or no. The only safe way to deal with these men, when angry, is never to thwart, answer, argue with, or irritate them at the moment whon their passion is boiling over. "Speak to an angry Spaniard fair," and very soon his anger will calm down, and he will become a rational being again. More than this—he will be willing and glad to acknowledge his fault, and shake hands and be on friendly terms again.

The Spaniard, again, is a man full of courage. But it is courage of a certain and peculiar kind, and his courage is made upof paradores. He is reckless of his own life, and will fight with an adversary far his superior in skill. He is a daring horseman, and a still more daring driver. In the ball-ring or personal combat, he shines for courage and advoltees; and yet, in some things he is strangely timid. As a soldier, in the ranks, he has been proved not to be always very plucky, by the experience of past warfare. But I account for this upon this theory, that, being only semi civilized, the Spaniard, like all semi-barbarians, cannot rely upon his comrades. These men do not, in trading or in fighting, loyally and fully trust one another. Thon, again, the presence of a brave and yet unarmed man—his mere voice and presence—will awe two or three armed Spaniards. Again, in illness he is very timid; once the foe has fairly got him in its

Spaniards. Again, in illness he is very timid; once the foe has fairly got him in its grip, the Spaniard gives up hope, and gives himself up to, as he calls it, "his fets."

its grip, the Spaniard gives up hope, and gives himself up to, as he calls it, "his fate."

So, then, his courage is made up of paradoxes, and I account for the fact in this way, that the nation is really only semi-civilized, and shares the characteristics of other semi-civilized peoples. Like them, the Spaniard knows no reliance on his courades en masse; like them, he knows nothing of combination as a secret of strength; like them, he has not the full and free and absolute trust in God as the defonder of the right. Yet, as a soldier, the Spaniard's patience under privations is of no common order, and his exceeding endurance of hunger, thirst and nakedness would put to shame the endurance of an English infantry man.

I pass on to two bright spots in Spanish character—sobriety, and the politeness of libelesses.

I pass on to two bright spots in Spanish character—sobriety, and the politeness of all classes. The Spaniard, however ignorant, has naturally the manners and reduced feeling of a gentleman. A rude speech, a laugh at a foreigner sexpense, would be voted aimply indecent by him. Should an Englishman so far forget himself as to become "drunk and incapable" in a Spanish town, I believe he would be politely carried home and his purse restored to his pocket. The Spaniard, again, is no drunkard; as he himself says, "I know when I have had enough."

How to Dress.

How to Dress.

"What is it to be dressed properly?"
There is a philosophy and propriety in this, as in anything else. First, we should not dress either too cold or too warm; nor should our attire be too heavy, too loose, or too tight-fitting; it should not be ill-fitting; it should not be ill-fitting; it should not be odd—the sim should be to dress so as not to attract attention, unless for the appropriateness of the appared. This excludes pride and the appearance of show, and presumes and the appearance of show, and pre

peds, without ostentation. A Parisian Movelty.

A novelty has been introduced at Parisian dinner tables which we might copy with advantage. This is to have on the back of the bill of fare a short biographical notice of the persons who compose the company. This is a very good idea, for there can be no one who has not undergone the discomfort of saying the wrong thing to the wrong person—langhing at "the man with the teeth," to his wife, and being exceedingly facetions about "the lady with the shoulders" to her con. In the "Life of Dickens" there are two instances of this—in one of which Dickens talked to a young lady whom he took down to dinner about the Bishop of Durham's nepotism in the matter of Mr. Cheese, and found out afterward that she was Mra. Cheese; in the other he expatiated to the member from Marylebone, Lord Fernoy, generally conceiving him to be an Irish member, on the contemptible character of the Marylebone constituency and Marylebone representation. A Parisian Novelty.

One representation.

Off An European correspondent tells us that, according to the etiquette of some courts, when a princess or other lady of royal birth wishes to dance, she sends an invitation to any of the gentlemen present to dance with her, it not being considered proper, unless the gentleman is of equally distinguished birth, for him to ask the lady. American ladies would probably like the eastom to become universal.

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE LITERAL BOY IN THE BLUE-COAT

THE LITERAL BOY IN THE BLUE-COAT SCHOOL.

Among the scholars when Lamb and Coleridge attended was a poor elergyman's son, by the name of Simon Jennings. On account of his dismal and gloomy nature, his playmates had nickuamed him Pontius Pilate. One morning he went up to the master, Dr. Boyer, and said, in his usual whimpering manner: "Piesse, Dr. Boyer, the boys call me Pontius Pilate." If there was one thing old Boyer hated more than a false quantity in Greek and Latin, it was the practice of nicknaming. Rashing down among the scholars from his pedestal of state, with cane in hand, he cried, with his usual voice of thunder:

"Lasten, boys. The next time I hear any of you say 'Pontius Pilate' I'll cane you as ling as this cane will last. You are to say 'Simon Jennings,' and not 'Pontius Pilate.' Hemember that, if you value your hides." Having said this, Jupiter Tonans remounted Olympus, the clouds still hanging on his brow.

Next day, when the same class were re-

late. Hemember that, if you vame your hides." Having said this, Jupiter Tonans remounted Olympus, the clouds still hanging on his brow.

Next day, when the same class were reciting the Catechism, a boy of a remarkably dull and literal turn of mind had to repeat the creed. He had got as far as "auffered under," and was about popping out the next word, when Boyer's prohibition flashed upon his obtase mind. After a moment's hesitation he blurted out:

"Buffered under Simon Jannings, creet—" The rest of the word was never uttered, for Boyer had already aprung like a tiger upon him, and the cane was descending upon him unfortunate shoulders like a Norwegian hall-storm or an Alpine avalanche. When the irate dootor had discharged his cane storm upon him, he cried: "What do you mean, you booby, by such blasphemy?" "I only did as you told me, "replied the simple-minded Christ-churchian. "Did as I told you?" roared old Boyer, now wound up to something above the boiling point. "What do you mean?" As he said this he again instinctively grasped his cane more furiously. "Yes, doctor, you said we were always to call "Pontius Pilate," Simon Jennings. Dida't he, Sam? appealed the unfortunate culprit to Coleridge, who was next to him. Sam said naught; but old Boyer, who saw what a dunce he had to deal with, cried: "Boy, you are a fool. Where are your brains?" Poor Doctor Boyer for a second time was floored, for the scholar said, with an earnestness that proved its truth, but to the intense horror of the learned potentate: "In my stomach, sir," The doctor always respected that boy's stapidity ever after, as though half afraid that a stray blow might be unpleasant.

IN THE REAR

IN THE REAR.

The negro has mother-wit, but it is seldom developed save in the form of droilery. Of that wit which enables a man to excel in repatise the African race possesses little, but now and then one perpetrates a witty rejoinder not unworthy the Celtic Ourran. For instance: Just after the battle of Gettysburg, an officer who was badly wounded in that memorable engagement reached his home in Hingham on sick-leave, bringing with him his colored servant, who was called Harry. This servant was for a time quite a village lion, and whenever he appeared at the post office or the apothecary shop, he was quickly surrounded by a crowd of people to whom be willingly rehearsed the story of the greatest battle of the rebellion. One day, when an unusually large number of people had gathered about Harry in the post office, he was induced without much difficulty to mount a chair and for the hundredth time to recount the incidents of the famous three days struggle. It should be remembered that Hingham contained a goodly proportion of home-guards, as they were called, and when Harry reached the close of his narrative one of them spoke up:

"Look here, Pompey; yon have had a good deal to say about the battle of Gettysburg, but you haven't told us where you were when the fight was raging?"

"Well, sah, I was holdin' hosses."

"Holding horses?"

"Handament and the property of the p

olding horses?"
"In de rear, sah."

At this point another Hinghamite re-

"In the rear! There can be little doubt of that; and I guess it was a good way to

or that; and I guess it was a good way to the rear, too."
"Yes, sab," said Harry; "it was a good ways to de rear, but not so far to de rear as Hingham is!"
And after this sharp encounter Harry became a greater lion than ever.—Boston Courier.

THE WASHOE RIVERS.

The Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise says: It is a well known peculiarity of our Wa-shoe rivers that they sink into the earth. Each river emptice into what is called its ach river empties into what is called its sink," or lake. None of them get out of the mind has that to entertain it which is superior to the mere thought of clothes. Pritful is that person who has no higher sim than the mere adornment of the body. We are to educate ourselves in this, as in other things, not as mere fashion may dictate, or this or that one suggest, but as the reasonable requirements of the case may justify. Philosophy (good sense) must be applied, so that a mean may wear his coat as the quadruped wears his, naturally, gracefully, and for the service and protection it affords him. So a lady may imitate a bird, if she is bird-like, even to its flashing plumage, or the more simple beauty of the flowers; but let it be, as in the case of the flowers; but let it be, as in the case of the flowers; the birds, and the quadrupeds, without ostentation. He started an traced out Humboldt river, an Truckee river, an Carson river, an Walker river, an Recese river, an all the other rivers, an He was a leading of 'em siong, calculatin' to bring 'em all together into one big boss river, an 'them lead that off an let it empty into the Gulf of Mexico or the Gulf of California, as might be most convenient; but as he was bringin' down and leadin along His branches—Truckee, Humboldt, Carson, Walker, an 'them—all at once it came on dark, an 'not bein' able to carry out His plan, He just tucked the lower ends of the several streams inter the ground whar they war, and they've stayed thar ever since."

A WASHINGTON STORY

A late Washington story is that Mrs. Speaker Blaine had a difficulty with Mrs. Speaker Blaine had a difficulty with Mrs. Senator Sprague about a cook. Meeting at a dinner table, with only the Hon. Zac. Chandler between them. Mrs. Sprague, at a dinner table, with only the Hon. Zuch Chandler between them, Mrs. Spragne, leaning forward, said, "I am sorry, Mrs. Blaine, that we have anything disagreeable between us." The Hon. Zuch was consi-derably embarrassed, never having heard the interesting story of the cook.

"What makes your hair so white, grandpa?" inquired a little maiden. "I am very old, my dear. I was in the ark," says grandpa, with a laugh. "Oh!" the child rejoined. "Are you Noah?" "No; I am not Noah." "Are you Shem, then?" "No; I am not Shem." "Are you Ham?" "No; I am not Shem." "Then you must be Japheth," impatiently said the child. "No; I'm not Japheth." "Then, grandpa, you must be a beast."

Company Comment

SANDALPHON. THE ANGEL OF FRAYER.

. A LEGEND.

bown from Heaven, earthward reaching, stands the indder duceb naw, Angels on its rounds beseching, Vell the face in holy awe.

Some from where the storm whole matter, Some from out the blazing free, Only one brief prayer they rate, Then with failing breath expire.

But above these frail ones talling, Fading ever from the sight, Standeth one of holier calling, Deathless as the stars of night,

Tie Sandalphon. Bleet position, Just beside the pearly estes, Happy to fulfit his mission, Day and night he calmly walts.

They who wander, heavy lader, They who mourn the loved and lost, They who sigh for life's glad Aden that the ocean tempest toot;

Kneel and pray said their weeping, And their prayers toward Heaven Sad and full of shadows creeping, Mount they to the upper skies.

Testured is each lip that moulds them, With the grief of earthly hours, In his hands Sandalphon folds them, And they turn to fairest flowers,

Then is sheaves of beauty binding Lays them there before the throne Ever thus our God reminding Of the sorrows we have known.

Sweet the fancy; joy creating, Were it true, this tale of ours. But there is no angel waiting Turning sad prayers into flowers.

Need we not Sandalphon keeping Watch above the heavenly stairs

EAST LYNNE:

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In one of the comfortable sitting-rooms of East Lynne sat Mr. Carlyle and his sister, one inclement January night. The contrast within and without was great. The warm, blazing fire, the bandsome carpet on which it flickered, the exceedingly comfortable arrangement of the furniture, of the room altogether, and the light of the chandelier which fell on all, presented a picture of home peace, though it may not have deserved the name of luxury. Without, heavy flakes of snow were falling thickly, flakes as large and nearly as heavy as a crown piece, rendering the atmosphere so dense and obscure that a man could not see a yard before him. Mr. Carlyle had driven home in the pony carriage, and the snow had so settled upon him, even in that short journey, that Lucy, who

band touch his, and at finding a man's face nearly in contact with his own.

"Let me come in, Mr. Carlyle, for the love of life! I see you are alone. I made does best, and I don't know but I'm dogged also."

The tones struck familiarly on Mr. Carlyle ser. He drew back mechanically, a thousand perplexing sensations overwhelming him, and the man followed him into the room—a white man, as Lucy had called her father. Aye, for he had been heurs and hours on foot in the snow; his hat, his clothes, his eyebrows, his large whisters, all were white. "Lock the door."

"Mot flowed the douce betrayed that?" interpreted ficionard. The tones struck familiarly on Mr. Carlyle's ear. He drew back mechanically, a thousand perplexing sensations overwhelming him, and the man followed him into the room—a white man, as Lucy had called her father. Aye, for he had been heurs and hours on foot in the snow; his hat, his clothes, his eyebrows, his large whishers, all were whits. "Lock the door, sir," were his first words. Need you be told that it was Richard Hare?

Mr. Carlyle fastened the window, drew

transferstrack: I fear year have done wrong to come here.

"I cut off from London at a moment's notice," replied Richard, who was literally shivering with the cold. "I'm dogged, Mr. Carlyle, I am indeed. The police are after me, set on by that wretch, Thorn."

Mr. Carlyle turned to the sideboard and propred on a wine-glass of brandy. "Drink pounds of the sideboard and the sideboard and state of t

THE STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE P

"You thought I might be mistaken in him that moonlight night, but there was no mistaking him in broad daylight. I looked him full in the face, and he looked at me. He turned as white as a cloth. Perhaps I did—I don't know."

"Was he well dressed?"

"Wespy. Ob, there's no mistaking his position. That he moves in the higher classes there's no doubt. The cab drove away, and I got up behind it. The driver thought boys were there, and turned his head and his whip, but I made him a sign. We didn't go much more than the length of a street. I was on the pavement before Thorn was, and looked at him again, and again he went white. I marked the house, thinking it was where he lived, and—"

house, thinking it was where he lived, and—"
"Why did you not give him into cus-

and—"
"Why did you not give him into custody, Richard?"
Richard Flare shook his head. "And my proofs of his guilt, Mr. Carlyle? I could bring none against him—no positive ones. No, I must wait till I can get proofs to do that. He would turn round upon me now and swear my life away to render his secure, perhaps testify that he saw me commit the murder. Well, I thought I'd ascertain for certain what his name was, and that night I went to the house and got into conversation with one of the servants, who was standing at the door. Does Captain Thorn live here? I asked him.
"Mr. Westleby lives here, said he; 'I don't know any Captain Thorn.
"Then that's his name, thought I to myself. 'A youngish man, ian't he?' said, I, 'very smart, with a pretty wife?'
"I don't know what you call youngish, be laughed, 'my master's turned sixty, and his wife's an old.
"That checked me. 'Perhaps he has more?'! Laked!

The stands of the stands in the stands of the stands in the stands of th he opened the window and stepped half out.

The snow was falling faster and thicker than ever. Not at that did Mr. Carlyle start with surprise, if not with a more unpleasant sensation; but at feeling a man's face nearly in contact with his own.

In the bone. I bolted under the horses of a passing vehicle, down some turnings and passing vehicle, down some turnings

rupted Richard.

"I am unable to tell; I cannot even im-

kers, all were whits. "Lock the door, sir," were his first words. Need you be told that it was Richard Hare?

Mr. Carlyle fastened the window, drew the heavy entrain across, and turned rapidly to look the two doors—for there were two to the room, one of them leading into the adjoining one. Richard meanwhile took of his wet smock-frock—the old smock-frock of former memory—his hat, and his false black whiskers, wiping the snow from the latter with his hand.

"Richard, "titsered Mr. Carlyle, "I am thunderstruck! I fear yen have done wrong to come here."

"I cut off from London at a moment's notice," replied Richard, who was literally shivering with the cold. "I'm dogged, Mr. Carlyle, I am indeed. The police are after me, set on by that wretch, Thorn."

Mr. Carlyle turned to the sideboard and

hour, sir."
"Indeed!"

"Who was it?" quivered Richard, as Joyce was heard going away.
"It was Joyce."
"What, is she here still? Has anything ever been heard of Afy, sir?"
"My was here herself, two or three months ago."
"Was she, though?" uttered Richard, begulied for an instant from the thought of his own danger. "What is she doing?"
"She is in service as a lady's-maid. Richard, I questioned Afy about Thorn. She protested solemnly to me that it was not Thorn who committed the deed—that it could not have been he, for Thorn was with her at the moment of its being done."
"It's not true!" fired Richard. "It was Thorn."

Thorn."
"Richard, you cannot tell; you did not

"Richard, you cannot lell; you did not see it done."

"I know that no man could have rushed out in that frantic manner, with those signs of guilt and fear about him, unless he had been engaged in a bad deed," was Richard Hare's answer. "It could have

he had been engaged in a bad deed," was litchard Hare's answer. "It could have been no one else."

"Afy declares he was with her," repeated Mr. Carlyle.

"Look here, sir, you are a sharp man, and folks say I am not, but I can see things, and draw my reasoning as well as they can, perhaps. If Thorn were not Hallijohn's murderer, why should he be persecuting me?—what would he care about me? And why should his face turn livid, as it has done, each time he has seen my eyes upon him? Whether he did commit the murder or whether he did to must know that I did not, because he came upon me, waiting, as he was tearing from the cottage."

Dick's reasoning was not bad.

"Another thing," he resumed. "Afy awore at the inquest, that she was alone when the deed was done; that she was alone in the wood at the back of the cottage, and knew nothing about it till afterward. How could she have sworn she was alone, if Thorn was with her?"

"The fact had entirely excaped Mr. Car.

not altered."

Knowing that to speak on this side the door to his aister, when she was in one of her resolute moods, would be of no manner of use, Mr. Carlyle opened the door, at x'eronaly swung himself through it, and shut it after him. There she stood; in a towering passion, too.

It had struck Miss Carlyle, while up

It had struck Miss Carlyle, while undressing, that certain sounds, as of takeing, proceeded from the room underneath, which she had just quitted. She possessed a remarkable keen sense of hearing, did Miss Carlyle; though, indeed, none of her faculties lacked the quality of keenness. The servants, Joyco and Peter excepted, would not be convinced but that she must "listen;" but, in that, they did her injustice. First of all, she believed her brother must be reading aloud to himself; but she soon decided otherwise. "Who on earth has he got in there with him?" quoth Miss Carlyle.

She rang her bell; Joyce answered it.
"Who is it that is with your master?

"Nobody ma'am."
"But I say there is. I can hear him "But I say there is. I can hear him talking."
"I don't think anybody can be with him," persisted Joyce. "And the walls of this honse are too well built, ma'am, for sounds from the down-stairs rooms to

penetrate here."
"That's all you know about it," cried
"That's all you know about it," cried "That's all you know about it, cried Miss Carlyle. "When talking goes on in that room, there's a certain sound given out which does penetrate here, and which my sars have grown accastomed to. Go and see who it is. I believe I left my hand kerchief on the table; you can bring it

Joyce departed, and Miss Carlyle propoured out a wine-glass of brandy. "Drink it, Richard; it will warm you."

"I'd rather have it in some hot water, sir."

"I'd rather have it in some hot water, sir."

"I'd rather have it in some hot water, sir."

"I'd rather have it in some hot water, sir."

"As I neared West Lynne, I began to first, her silk petitional next. She had arrived as far as the finnel petitional when trying to catch Barbara's attention such a Joyoe returned.

"That would not have brought it upon the brought it? Drink this for now. War, low you tremble!"
"Ab, afew hours onside in the cold snow is a notigit to make the strongest man that you have have the strongest man that you h "Yes, maken, some one is taking with
it maker: I could not go in, for the down
we belief, and moster called out that he
was belief, and moster called out that he
was belief, and moster called to that he
was belief, and moster called to the house, ran
her thoughts rapidly ever the numbers of
the household, and came to the conduction
if the conduction of the conduction of the conduction
if the conduction of the conduction of the conduction
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"Not if I can help it," replied Richard.
"You might just as well do that, if you come to West Lynne at all, for you can the here now without being found out. There was a bother about your having been here the last time. I should like to know how it got abroad.

"The life I lead is dreadful, cried Richard. "I might make up my mind to toil, though that's hard, after being reared a gentleman! but to be an earlie, banned, disgraced, afraid to show my face in broad daylight amidst my fellow men, in dread every hour that the sword may fall! I joye asked, "Good gruble to live it."

"Well, you have got notody to grumble without being found out, sere was a bother about your having been re the last time; I should like to know wit got abrowd.

"I be life I lead is dreadful, cried obard. "I might make up my mind to chard, "I might make up my mind to that obard, that he should like to be an exile, banned, graced, afraid to show my face in broad right amidst my fellow men, in dread ray hour that the sword may fall! I shight amidst my fellow men, in dread ray hour that the sword may fall! I display that the sword may fall! I should almost as soon be dead, as continue live it.

"Well, you have got notody to grumble, you brought it upon yourself," phisophically returned Miss Carlyle, as abe used the door to admit her brother. "On would be said to you."

The life I lead is dreadful, cried obard in the substitution of the murder as you or I, he de that the the initiative, and was leaning over the believers that he murder as you or I, he de that the the initiative, and was leaning over the believers that her as innocent of the murder as you or I, he de that the the initiative, and was leaning over the believers that her as innocent of the murder as you or I, he de that lady had the rate obard. "I have held grounds for this opinion, Joyce, for many years."

"Ally so ther lover. I hat dandy fellow, "And you say you have grounds, air?"

"And you say you have grounds, air?"

"You so have got notody to grumble soon be in possession of them for years. I should be glad for you to think as I do.

"But when Mr Carlyle got through that tady had the initiative, and was leaning over the belieutrative, having been arrested in the brother that process of dressing. Her clothes were on the belieutratives, having been arrested in the brother that process of dressing. Her clothes were on the belieutratives, having been arrested in the brother that process of dressing. Her clothes were on the belieutratives, having been arrested in the brother that process of dressing. Her clothes were on the beautratives, having been arrested in the brother that process on

Well, you have got hotoly to gramble at; you brought it upon yourself," philosophically returned Mass Carlyle, as she opened the door to admit her brother. "You would go hunting after that brazen huzzy, Afy, you know, in defiance of all that could be said to you."

when Mr. Carlyle got back to the other room, his sister and Richard Hare had scarcely finished staring at each other.

"Please lock the door, Miss Cornelia," the gan poor shivering Dick.

"The door's locked, "anapped she." But what on earth brought you here, Richard! You must be worse than mad.

"The Row street officers were after me in London," he meekly responded, unconsultantly a term which had been familiar to his boytsh years. "I had been familiar to his boytsh years." I had been familiar to his boytsh years. "I had been familiar to his boytsh years."

"Sir!" uttered Joyce, amazed out of her

are apparently upon intimate terms.

At this moment, a loud, flustering, angry voice was heard calling from the stairs, and flictuard leaped up as if he had been shot. His door not the one leading to the room of Miss Carlyle opened upon the curridor, and the voice sounded close, just as if its owner were coming in with a bound. It was the vince of Mr. Justice Hare.

"Carlyle, where are you? Here's a pretty thing happened? Come down."

"The Bow street officers were after me in London, he meekly responded, unconsciously using a term which had been familiar to his boyink years. "I had to cut away without a thing belonging to me, without so much as a clean shirt."

"They must be pointe officers, not to have been after you before," was the consolistory remark of Miss Carlyle. "Are you going to dance a horroppe through his state nothing but what is true, and I know allow yourself openly?"

"Not if I can help it," replied Richard.
"You might just as well do that, if you gome to West Lynne at all, for you can come to West Lynne at all, for you can the come to West Lynne at all, for you can the come to West Lynne at all, for you can the come to West Lynne at all, for you can the come to West Lynne at all, for you can the come to West Lynne at all, for you can the come to West Lynne at all, for you can the come to West Lynne at all, for you can the come to West Lynne at all, for you can the come to West Lynne at all, for you can the come to we the come to West Lynne at all, for you can the come to West Lynne at all, for you can the come to West Lynne at all, for you can the come to West Lynne at all, for you can the come to we the come to West Lynne at all, for you can the come to would have been worth listening to. Now and the tening to. Now and the containing to the containing to shake your belief upon another point, and if I assure you that I have equally good grounds for doing so, the containing to the door, and the containing to the door, and the containing to the containing to. Now and the containing to the containing to the containing to the door, and the

Copy Com

Secretary.

Dien the stairs loaped Mr. Carlyle, four a time, wound his arm within Mr.

ot a time, wound his arm within Mr. Hare's, and led him to a sitting recon.

"Good morning, justice. You had conrage to venture up through the more What is the matter? you seem sanited."

"Excited." raved the justice, dancing about the room, first on one leg, then on the other, like a cet upon het bricks, "so mould you be excited. If your life were worried out, as mine is, over a wiched seems of a son. Why can't folks trouble seems of a son. Why can't folks trouble seems of a son. Why can't folks trouble seems of a son. The contract of the their heads about their own business, and let my affairs alone? A pity but what he latter then.

"I thought I should have died," spoke your Dick. "I declare, Mr. Carlyle, my very blood seemed turned to water, and I thought I should have died," spoke your business, and let my affairs alone? A pity but what he had beyoned? "questioned Mr. Carlyle."

"Fut what has happened." reforted the the chile has happened? "questioned the poor away, all safe?"

"He is gone, and it all safe."

"It end to a speculation to enter upon. And no satisfactory conclusion outliness."

It thought I should have died," spoke your birts. "I declare, Mr. Carlyle, my very blood seemed turned to water, and I thought I should have died to water, and I thought I should have died to water, and I the upon. The proof of the poor away, all safe?"

"He is gone away, all safe?"

"He is gone away a brief explanation.

Mr. Carlyle.

"Why this has happened," retorted the inctice, throwing a letter on the table.

"The post brought me this just now—and pleasant information it gives."

Mr. Carlyle took up the note and read it. It purported to be from "a friend to Juntes Harn, informing that gentleman that his "criminal con" was likely to have arrived at West Lynne, or would arrive in the corns of a day or so, and it recommended Mr. Hare to speed his departure from it, least he should be "posted upon.

"This letter is anonymous" exclaimed Mr. Carlyle. "She would naturally be inquiring into particulars, and what did be want? What was it bear about me?" And what did be want? What was it bear about me?

Mr. Carlyle gave a brief explanation, and the world it be inquiring in the present its letter as the world of the ingular into let your mether know that you are here.

Carlyle. "She would naturally be inquiring into particulars, and when she came to bear that you were present, she would never have another minutes a peace.

not feel to have a dangerous effect upon Mrs. Hare. Do not suffer a hint of it to essays you, justice consider how much and ety sike has already suffered.

"It she could, said Mr Carlyle," she would be acting against human nature. There is one phase of the question which you may possibly not have glanced st, justice. You epsak of delivering up at the same time your wife a life."

"It she could be acting against human nature. There is one phase of the question which you may possibly not have glanced st, justice. You epsak of delivering your son up to the law. has it ever struck you that you would be delivering up at the same time your wife a life."

"It is triple in that room next content of the question which you may possibly not have glanced st, justice. You epsak of delivering your son up to the law. has it ever struck you that you would be delivering up at the same time your wife a life."

"It is triple in life in the law is a life in the law is a life in the law is a life in the law. It is morning, calling up the same time your wife a life."

"It is to triple to law strange it all sound for And I rever could tell my for Mr Carlyle I did not like. Francis Levison's name to him. Bartars soon returned down a line last night in look at the could not left him go out again in the same will be entire look at the weather. And in burst Richard. We could not left him go out again in the same "I must be going home, if Mr Larlyle." It is turned balf; and morning to that room next the going home, if Mr Larlyle. It is turned balf; and morning to the law with Bart pass.

"How strange it all sound for Mr Carlyle I did not like."

"I do not like Francis Levison's name to him."

"I must be going home, if Mr Larlyle." It is turned by "Whenever you like. Barbars.

"Of course. And Juve also we were the feel." I will be measy.

"Whenever you like. Barbars.

But can I not wait? I am take out your points a grant of the law. It is to you have also we were the feel. I want to be a law in the feel and the law in the feel and the law.

time your wide life?

"Sould and the justice.

"You would find it no "stoff So sure as Richard guts brought to trie! whether through your means, or through any other, so stre will it kill your wife.

Mr. Hare took up the letter, which had lain upon the table, folded it, and put it in its envelope.

"I suppose you don't know the writing?"
he asked of Mr. Carlyle.

"I he prove awn't before, that I remember.
Are you returning home?"

"To kee taking on to I beauchamp's and show him this, side hear what he says. It is not much farther.

"Tell him not to epeak of it, then, Beanchamp's safe, for his sympathies are with Richard—oh, yes, they are, justice: ask him the quastion plainly if you fire, and he will confess to it. I can tell you more sympathy gons with Richard that is ask to particulars of the "I should all with the ward of the day, and how him the quastion plainly if you fire.

Annother than the quastion plainly if you fire, and he will confess to it. I can tell you more sympathy gons with Richard than is acknowledged to you. But I would not show that letter to any one eise than Beanchamp's added Mr. Carlyle, "nother would be peak of it."

I supposely of deferred would have gone out of the day, and the provide him into the roon, Miss Carlyle of course pint. Richard—oh, with the disting room of the day, and bot lived. Richard and Richard and Richard and Richard and Richard and Richard—oh, yes, they are, justice: ask him the quastion plainly if you fire.

Annously did Richard and Richard. "I dare not stip bere. I must be off not a moment later than six or seven o clock."

I still be home, Richard.

Annously did Richard and Richard.

Annously did Richard.

The carriage stopped.

"To may go bed, be said to the servent want of the day and the later." The carriage stopped.

"T

connected the parties of the process of the process

Cornelian "Whenever you like, Barbara."

"Does she know of it?"

"Of course. And Joyce also we were obliged to tell Joyce. It is he you have ease to spend the day with But just imagine Richard's fear? Your father came. "Which would feel the storm worst, the propose of the propose of the course o this morning, calling up the stairs after you or the ponies?"
me, saying be heard Richard was here I But when Burhers got outside, she saw

"Who can have written it?" repeated
the justice. "It bears, you see the London post mark."
"It is too wide a speculation to enter upon. And no satisfactory conclusion could come of it."

Justice Hare departed. Mr. Cariple watched him down the acounce of its bird of a feather also, I suspect. Great works. claimed.

"I have seen him with one person—but I can't inquire of him. They are too thick together, he and Thorn, and are birds of a feather also, I enspect. Great swalls, both."

"Oh, Richard, don't use those expressions. They are unsuited to a gentleman."

Richard laughed bitterly. "A gentle-

Who is it you have seen Thorn with inquired liarbars.

Sir Francis Levison, "replied Richard, glancing at Miss Carlyle, who draw in her

giancing at Miss Cariple, who drow in her lips ominismaly.

"With whom?" nttered Barbara, be-traying complete adonishment. "Du you know hir Francis Levison."

"Oh, yos, I know him. Nearly the only man shout town that I do know."
Barbara secured lost in a praxied reve-ty, and it was some time before she roused hermid from it.

Lerwif from it Are they at all althe?" she whed,

Very much so, I suspect. But I meant in person.

"Not in the least, except that they are both tall." Again Barbara sank into thought Buchards words had surprised her. She was Rectards words had suppressed her. She was are used from it by bearing a child a voice it he next room. She ran into it, and Mis-Carlyle immediately fastened the interven

Township revised. I selected the set part in the first, "exaid Mr Cartyle, his the proxing with seven."

"But who has written it?" demond fractive Hars. "And in Their at West Lyanes in the treat part of the States Hars. "And in Their at West Lyanes," researched Mr Cartyle, "I parties, will you persion rese, if I restricted to gree you may condition; proxing into the very jown of death. If I playinte it if can drop upon him. I warrant for his meaning in the first year of death. If I playinte it if can drop upon him. I warrant for his meaning in the first year of death. If I have this eventisating bother over."

"I was point to give you my opinion," speading point him. I warrant for his meaning in the first year in Mr. Cartyle, "I feet, pointers you bring these and enclosured speading points in Mr. Cartyle, "I feet, pointers you bring these and enclosured when you have been prom myself." I have been exceeded by the feet you have been prom myself." I have been supposed been prom myself." I have been supposed been prom myself." The I model at the promise of t

The street of the control of the con

thought Richard would have gone out of that it was not the pony carriage, but the

Mr Carlyle drew her hand within his arise as they walked up the path.

But Barbara had reckoned without her host. Mrs Hare was in hed, consequently host do be pleased at the visit of Mr. Carlyle. The justice had gone out, and she, feeling tired and not well, thought she would retire to rest. Barbara stole into her room, but found her seleep, so that it fell to Barbara to entertain Mr. Carlyle. "He has got a friend coming to see him unexpectedly who will leave

that it fell to Barbara to entertain Mr. Cerlyle.

They stood together before the large pierglass, in front of the biazing fire. Harbara was thinking over the events of the day. What Mr. Carlyle was thicking of was beet known to himself, his even covered with their drouping eyelids, were cast upon Burbara. There was a ling silence at length Barbara summed to feel that his gaze was on her, and she looked up at him.

"Will you marry me, Barbara?"

The words were spoken in the quietest, most matter of fact time, just as if he had aid, "Skall I give you a chair, Harbara?"

Hat, oh! the change that passed over her

First oa " the change that passed over countenance " the andden light of the scarlet finsh of emotion and happi-Then it all faded down to paleness and sad

She shock her head in the negative

But you are very kind to ask me, she added it words.

What is the impediment, Barbara?

Another rush of color as before, and a

"And never shall," cried she, impetu"No, no. It is the recommerance of that
night—you cannot have forgotten it, and it
is stamped on my brain in letters of fire. I
never thought so to betray myself. But
for what passed that night, you would not
have asked me now."
"Barbara"
She glanced up at him the tone was so
painful.
"Do you know that I love you? that
"What did you say?" she uttered,
aghast.
"And never shall," cried she, impetu"Such a journey: "said Major Thorn to
outsly. "It is my general look to get
ith-weather when I travel. Hain and hail,
thought so to betray myself. But
for what passed that night, you would not
have asked me now."
"Harbara"
She glanced up at him the tone was so
cathered to the floor.
"What did you say?" she uttered,
aghast.
"Such a journey: "said Major Thorn to
outsly. "I did not deserve the slight."
"Such a journey: "said Major Thorn to
outsly. "It is my general look to get
ith-weather when I travel. Hain and hail,
thought so to bear and hail,
what passed that night, you would not
have asked me now."
"And never shall," cried she, impetu"Such a journey: "said Major Thorn to
outsly. "I did not deserve the slight."
"Such a journey: "said Major Thorn to
outsly. "It is my general look to get
ith-weather when I travel. Hain and hail,
thought so to bear and hail,
white passed that night, you would not
have asked me now."
"And never shall," cried she, impetu"Such a journey: "said Major Thorn to
outsly. "It is my general look to get
ith-weather when I travel. Hain and hail,
thought so the station we were detained two beats and saling the weather when I are
constituted and the weather when I travel. Hain and hail,
the wather when I are should be to marry a second time, Cornella.

"What Carlyle started up. Her spectacles
amiss when I am out. The answ when I am out. The same with I amiss and hail,
thunder are the start of the such that we will be the same with I are should be to marry a second time, Cornella.

"And never the slight." Is it because I once married and it.

done.

"Bist, Archibald, what about Cornelia?"
resumed Mrs. Hare, "I would not for a
moment interfere in your affairs, or in the

moment interfere in your affairs, or in the arrangements you and Barbara may agree upon, but I cannot help thriking that married people are better alone."

"Cornelia will quit hast Lynne," said Mr. Carlyle. "I have not spoken to her yet, but I shall do so now. I have long made my mind up that if ever I did marry again, I and my wife would live alone. It said ab interfered too much with my former wife. Had I suspected it, Cornelia should not have remained in the house a day. Hest assured that Barbara shall not be subject to the chance."

"How did you come over her?" demand.

be subject to the chance."

"How did you come over her?" demanded the justice, who had already given his gratified consent and who now entered in his dressing gown and morning wig. "Others have tried it on, and Barbara would not listen to any of them."

I suppose I must have cast a spell upon ber," answered Mr. Carlyle, breaking into a smile.

one him that pectedly who will leave again by the two o'clock train."
I don't care which it is, "answered Mr. Hare." Two o'clock will do as well as

Miss Carlyle's cold was bester that even-ing, in fact she seemed quite berself again, and Mr. Carlyle introduced the subject of his marriage. It was after dinner that he

"It will make a pretty good hole in your make you reproseched me severely with haring kept you in the dark."

"It you had not kept me in the dark, but consulted me, as any other Curistian would, the course of events might have been wholly changed, and the wretchedness and disgrace that fell on this bouse heen spared to it, "farcely interrupted Miss Carlyle."

"We will leave the past," he said, "and consider the future. I was about to remark, that I do not intend to fall under our discheasance again for the like offence.

what is the impediment, Barbara?
Another rush of color as before, and a feen share.

Mr Carlyle stole his arm around hera, if the share on a level with hera.

What is the impediment, Barbara and in the share an

I never saw them try at it. The next consideration, Cornelia, is room. about your residence. You will go back, I + (To be continued in our west, Commenced in No. \$1.) presume, to your own home.

be, be said in a low, decisive tone.

"Who says so?" she sharply asked.

"I do. Have you forgotten that night—

he could not bettle with the world's hardships so bravely as many could. Mr. Carlife only detected her exection as they were
the drive. He learned forward,
took her hand, and held it between his.

"I suppose I must have cast a spell upon
ber," answered Mr. Carlyle, breaking into
as when he store for us yet."

"Here she is. Barbara," cried the unmay be in store for us yet."

"Here she is. Barbara," cried the unmistress of a bouse for many years, and
cremomitous justice, "what is it that you
see in Carlyle could not bear to be reminded or
that revelation of Joyce's; it subdued even in
the carlyle could not bear to be reminded or
that revelation of Joyce's; it subdued even in
the revelation of Joyce's; it subdued even in
that revelation of Joyce's; it subdued even in
the revelation of Joyce's it subdued even in
the revelation of Joyc

"Oh," excisioned Barbara, "I do think rot intend to spend the evening with us! per says he won't come in."

"Then I'm sure I'm not going out to him in the cold. Here, Mr. Otway, what are you afraid of?" he called out. "Come to the walked on the cath."

"They were not my sentiments then; I have you afraid of?" he called out. "Come to the walked on the cath."

possessed none. I was ignorant upon the subject, as I was upon many others. Ex-

perience has come to me sizes."

"You will not find a better mistress of a home than I have made you, ' she resent.

bonne than I have made you, "alle resent-fully spoke.

"I do not look for it. The tenants leave your house in March, do they not?"

"Yes, they do," snapped Miss Corny, "But as we are on the subject of details, of ways and means, allow me to tell you that if you did what is right, you would more into that house of mine, and I will not to a smaller—as you seem to think I "I don't care while do as well as go to a shall poison Barbara if I remain with ner.

"That's all right, then; and I'll drop in upon Herbert and Finner and acquaint and poison Barbara if I remain with ner.

East Lynne is a vast deal too fire and too grand for you.

"I do not consider it so, I shall not consider it so, I shall not consider it so.

nis marriage. It was after dinner that he began upon it.

Cornelia, when I married Lady Isabel

one of the cornelia when I married Lady Isabel

poses. I have neither right to, nor wish for

thought Major Thorn within many a mile of West Lynne. He proceeded to the drawing room.

"Such a journey!" said Major Thorn to

Miss Circly sniffed. "Pigs may fly; but her face looked bright as she quitted the

Miss Corry did not believe her own ears.

"Go back to my own home!" she caclaimed. "I shall do nothing of the sort.
I shall stop at East Lynne. What's to
hinder me?"

Mr. Cariyle shook his head. "It cannot
be, he sand in a low, decisive tone.
"Who save so?" she sharpit a shed.
"Who save so?" she sharpit a shed. be, be said in a low, decisive tone.

"Who says so?" she sharply asked.

"I do. Have you forgotten that night—
be she went away—the words spoken by Joyce? Cornelia, whether they were true or false, I will not subject another to the chance."

See did not answer. Her lips only parted and closed again. Somehow Miss Cariple could not bear to be reminded of that revelation of Joyce's: it ambined even her.

"I cast no reflection upon you," hastily on which she naturally pridee of the hair, on which she naturally pridee of the hair.

on which she naturally prides herself next

on when we have a control of the con

Comment

miles of the

The Grave Beneath the Palms.

BY BELLE BREWER

tears for his friend.

He did not call once, but often at Hose
Lawn, and always found a welcome. And
so through all the glowing, ardent summer
they were together, and what the result?

The polished man of the world, who
thought his beart invulnerable, now found
that little organ (now laws).

Are you offended? 'Ofhim in that kies.

A little later, when they were in the
parior, he begged her to play for him.

"What shall it be?" she asked, going to
the plane.

"Anything you please," he answard
that little organ (now long).

"Anything you please," he answered.
"Anything you please," he answered.
"Whatever it is," she thought, "it will be a dirge, a faneral hymn over dead happi-

The Grate Benefit is a proposed of the politics of the politics of the politics and the politics of the politi you indies say," he returned, with a smile, "but do you live in this sheepy hollow of a place, Miss Kaulbach," "Dop't you like the place, Mr. Armand? "Dop't you like the place, Mr. Armand? "His is despited; but I am only spending the animer with my anni at like Laws." "Gritainly; we shall expect yon, Mr. "Armand; besides, I want you to tell me all about poor Roy." I must go away, Caristine. "Armand seated, and the first the second of the royal friendship between the hoself and that love, or their between the hoself and that love, or their between the how the last word on poor Roy's lips had been "Christine." "We dug him a graw under two nited yellows and the same how to him greated the carlet poppies were blooming over him." We dug him a graw under two nited yellows are added, nothing disturbed the stillness awe the plashing of fonntain and the chairp of myriad insects out in the dew. wet grass. At last Christine save the plashing of fonntain and the chairp of myriad insects out in the dew. wet grass. At last Christine and the first of the royal and the did over the "golden fisees," "So wery glad that he had one friend to go with him to the entrance of the valley of shadows."

If you were with him when he died, "she said, looking up with tear-gemmed yes, "so very glad that he had one friend to go with him to the entrance of the valley of shadows."

If you were with him when he died, "she said, looking up with tear-gemmed yes, "so very glad that he had one friend to go with him to the entrance of the valley of shadows."

If you have not be grassed the plashing of fonntain and the chairp of myriad insects out in the dew. wet grass. At last Christine spoke, "I's am so glad you were with him when he died," she said, looking up with tear-gemmed yes, "so were glad that he had one friend to go with him to the entrance of the valley of shadows."

If you have the place of the royal friendship of myriad insects

You send your boy on an errand, and being in haste, anxiously await his return. Five times out of six he is gone much longer than you think is they were together, and what the result? The polished man of the world, who thought his beart invalnerable, now found that little organ transfired with a thousand arrows from the little winged god. And she? Of course she did not love him, how could she, when her heart was in the grave with Donglas? But it was pleasant to be with him, he was such a thorough gentleman; and then he gave her such wonderful word-pictures of the countries he had visited, and above all, he had been the friend of Roy, so she said. I think if she had questioned her heart honely she would have found that the pleasure was in listening to the low music of the wonderful vord-pictures of the countries to must find the heart honely she would have found that the pleasure was in listening to the low music of the wonderful vord-pictures of the countries to hear him at the pleasure was in listening to the low music of the wonderful vord-pictures of the low music of the wonderful vord-pictures of the countries to hear him talk of Roy, so she said. I think if she had questioned her heart honely she would have found that the pleasure was in listening to the low music of the wonderful vord-pictures of the low music of the wonderful vord-pictures of the low music of the wonderful vord-pictures of provided the provided that the pleasure was a prest banquet in the frow Hall to be law, Yet the boy is not at all below, lety, the first vessel came honger than you think is necessary; accordingly you reprimand him for playing the distinct a three was a great banquet in the frow Hall to be law, Yet the boy is not at all below. Yet the boy is not at all the law, Yet the boy is not at all the low of the little wing play her wilely; for it is the law, Yet the boy is not at all the law, Yet the boy is not at all below. Yet the boy is not at all the law, Yet the boy is not at all the law, Yet the boy is not at all the law, Yet the boy is not at all the law, Yet the boy is not at all the law, Yet the boy is not at all the law, Yet the boy is not at the hidden of th longer than you think is nece

said "dead and Dirres", been dead and burned these ten years." The statement might be misconstrued.

**T Danbury asks this startling question:

"Can the watermelon be ancessfully cultivated on sandy soil, in a town of 4,000 inhabitants, and a theological institute to cated near by, containing one hundred and twenty students studying for the ministry?

**T A Georgia elergyman has thirty-two children, and his paristioners object to his having four pews without paying for them.

**T A Dewitt county teacher has adopted a plan, whereby, when a girl misses a word, the boy who spells it has the right to kiss her. The Clinton Press says: "The result is that the girls are fast forgetting all they ever knew about spelling, while the boys are improving with wonderful rethey ever knew about spelling while the boys are improving with wonderful za-

boys are improving with wonderful ra-pidity."

The St. Louis Globe speculates con-cerning the oblinary of the future. We append one or two specimens:— Charles Pupker; 3^o₁ lbs.; cremated July 9, 1872.

For wife of above see third pickle bottle on next shelf.

For wife of above see third pickle bottle on next shelf.

Little Tommy. Burnt up Sept. 16, 1862, Jane Matida Perkins, Oct. 3, 1869. Put up by the Alden corpse cremating company. None genuine without signsture.

67 A Nova Stotia paper records the brave set of a twelve-year old boy at Merigonish in that province, who a few days ago, when a little girl fell through the ice, was also thrown in as he attempted to save her. He still clung to her, and pushing her up while still beneath the aurface himself, held ber till his companions draw her out, and was then himself helped out. His name is Murray, and his act was well worthy of record.

and was then himself helped out. His name is Murray, and his act was well worthy of record.

46 The D-partment of Agriculture has very favorable information of the condition of the winter wheat crop throughout the country. In the Mouth the crop is luxuriant, and in the Middle Histes the promise is good, especially in Pennsylvania, where nine-tenths of the counties make favorable returns. Three-fourths of the counties of the Ohio Valley report an average or favorable condition. Missourend Kanaar make even a botter report. In California it is estimated that the crop will be firity millions of bashels.

46 A Western paper says dealers in botter classify it as wood grease, cart grease, coap grease, varingated, teacelated ow grease, boarding-house breakfast, inferior tob, common tub, medium roll, good roll, and gitt-edge roll. The terms are strictly technical.

46 Peter Van Dyke, an old chap who died in New Hampehire the other day, worth \$140 000 in each, requested in his will that no one "should saiff) and shed crosodile tears at his funeral, but cover his money."

46 Avoid minutely examining what

him over, and then hurry home to fight over his money."

45 Avoid minutely examining what other people do, or what will become of them; but look on them with an eye good, simple, sweet, affectionate. Do not require in them more perfection than in yourself; and do not be astonished at the diversity of imperfections; for imperfection is not greater imperfection merely because it is unasual. Behave like the bees—suck the honey from all flowers and herbs.

45 Punch's notion of nobility is that a man of birth is commonly one whose remote ancestors did something, and his immediate ancestors for many centuries, nothing at all.

"I have millions of money," said a dashing gent to a girl about to run away with him; "but you might as well scrape up all the jowels and spare change you

about absent minded people which is ex-ceedingly pleasing. We may be permitted to mention here the recent performance of a country clergyman of this state who has habit of forgetting things during his sermons, and, after seating himself, suddenly mons, and, after seating himself, suddenly rising to niter them, with the preliminary remark: "By the way." He had got half through an eloquent prayer when he hesisted, forget what he was doing, and to-stowed binaself upon the clerical sofa without closing. But in a moment his memory returned, he jumped up, and pointing his fluger at his rather surprised congregation, solemnly observed, "Oh, by the way—Amen!"

467 A Georgian negro was riding a mule, and when he came to a bridge the mule

and when he came to a bridge the mule stopped. "Ill bet you a quarter," said Sambo, "Ill make you go ob r dis bridge," and with that struck the mule over the and with that struck the mule over the head, which made him nod auddenly. "You take de bet, den?" said the negro, and contrived to get the atubborn mule over the brilge. "I won dat quarter, any how," cried Sambo. "But how will you get the money?" asked a man who had been close by, unperceived. "To-morrow," replied Sambo, "massa gib me a dollar to get corn for de mule, and I take de quarter out."

de quarter out."

So When the first vessel came home from the West Indies to Aberdeen, there

lotus-eating existence could not go on forever. One evening, when "The chromed smaced ingered to the stay on do care for me a little after all?" Still no answer. Lefting the bowed heavy the sought to read the girls face. The cheeks were hot with shappy blushars; the sought to read the girls face. The cheeks were het with shappy blushars; the same of the shappy blushars the same of the shappy blushars; the same of the shappy blushars the same of the shappy blushars; the same of the shappy blushars the shappy blushars; the same of the shappy blushars the shappy blushars; the same of the shappy blushars the shappy blushars; the same of the shappy blushars the sh five rables, 8.000 france; a bracelet of diamonds, with eleven sapphires, 13.000 france; a bracelet of diamonds, with eleven sapphires, 13.000 france; one of brilliants, with five emeraids, 15.000 france; a pair of shoulder ornaments, composed of pearls and diamond, 20.000 france; a beverance of pearls and diamond, 50.000 france; a beverance in diamonds, with large supphire, 51.000 france; the silver and silver git plate, in forty eight lost, 28.000 france. The second day produced 200 5550 france, and the total of the two 507,550 france, and the total of the sale was the disposal of the morocoo and the velvet cases which had once contained those sparking tressures, and which, in several instances, were stamped with the cost-of-arms of the noble or royal donor.

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It was a very warm August. The hot afternoon can poured in through the open windows of the Theilusson Club; it rested lingeringly upon the gay fittings of crimson and gold, the richly decorated walls, and marble statuse; while the large pierglass reflected thousands of miniature rays, as the bright sunlight shone into the room.

In a luxurious arm-chair, drawn up to one of the open windows with a view to inhaling what few cool draughts of air might find their way in, lounged a young man in the undress uniform of a crack cavally regiment, fast asleep. It was a handsome, proud, patrician face—just such a face as acuption would choose for a model of the world-famed son of Cinyras. The warm wind gently stirred the rich chestnut crips which shadowed a square white brow. The perfect mouth was only half concessed by the soft, brown mustache, while long-black lashes fringed the closed eyes and rested against the cheeks, which had been browned by exposure to the hot summer sun.

Two peculiarities about Erne Damar always struck strangers most forcitly—his great strength of frame and beauty of face, and, looking at him as he lay sleeping that



Meanwhile the flames burst out all round him, fearfully scorebing his face and

Answers to Correspondents.